

کوتے

یہ گلیوں کے آوارہ بے کار کتے کہ خشا گیا جن کو ذوق گدائی
 زمانے کی پھٹکار سرمایہ ان کا جہاں بھر کی دھٹکار ان کی کمائی
 نہ آرام شب کو نہ راحت سویرے غلاظت میں گھزنا لیوں میں بسیرے
 جو بگڑیں تو اک دوسرے سے لڑادو ذرا ایک روٹی کا ٹکڑا دکھا دو
 یہ ہر ایک کی ٹھوکریں کھانے والے یہ فاقوں سے اکتا کے مرجانے والے
 یہ مظلوم مخلوق گر سر اٹھائے تو انسان سب سرکشی بھول جائے
 یہ چاہیں تو دنیا کو اپنا بنا لیں یہ آقاؤں کی ہڈیاں تک چمالیں
 کوئی ان کو احساسِ ذلت دلا دے
 کوئی ان کی سوئی ہوئی دم ہلا دے

10. DOGS

With fiery zeal endowed—to beg,
 They roam the street on idle leg,
 And earn and own the general curse,
 The abuse of all the universe;
 At night no comfort, at dawn no banquet,
 Gutter for lodging, mud for blanket.
 Whenever you find them any bother,
 Show them a crust—they'll fight each other,
 Those curs that all and sundry kick,
 Destined to die of hunger's prick.

DOGS

- 1 These wandering unemployed dogs of the streets,
 On whom has been bestowed ardour for beggary,
 The curses of the age their property,
 The abuse of the whole world their earnings,—
 5 Neither rest at night nor comfort in the morning,
 Dwellings in the dirt, night-lodgings in the drains;—
 If they rebel, make one fight another,
 Just show them a piece of bread—
 They who suffer the kicks of everyone,
 10 Who will die worn out with starvation.

KUTTE

- 1 Ye galyon ke āwāra be-kār kutte,
 Kē bakhshā-gayā jinko zauq-e-gadā'ī,
 Zamāne kī phiṭkār sarmāya unkā,
 Jahān bhar kī dhatkār unkī kamā'ī,
 5 Na ārām shab ko na rāhat sawere,
 Ghilāzat meñ ghar, nālyon meñ basere;
 Jo bigreñ to ēk dūsre se laṛā-do,
 Zarā ek roṭī kā ṭukrā dikhā-do—
 Ye harek kī ṭhokareñ khānewāle,
 10 Ye fāqon se uktāke mar-jānewāle.

—If those whipped creatures raised their heads,
Man's insolence would be pulled to shreds:
Once roused, they'd make this earth their own,
And gnaw their betters to the bone—
If someone made their misery itch,
Just gave their sluggish tails a twitch!

*—If these oppressed creatures lifted their heads,
Mankind would forget all its insolence;
If they wished they would make the earth their own,
They would chew even the bones of the masters—*
15 *If only someone showed them consciousness of degradation,
If only someone shook their sleeping tails!*

Ye maẓlūm maḵlūq gar sar uṭhā'e,
To insān sab sarkashī bhūl-jā'e;
Ye chāheñ to dunyā ko apnā banā-leñ,
Ye āqā'on kī haḍḍiyāñ tak chabā-leñ—
15 Ko'ī inko ihsās-e-zillat dilā-de,
Ko'ī inkī so'ī hū'ī dum hilā-de.